

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come *Cofin*
Silence, and then to bed.)

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, spread *Danie*:
Well said *Danie*.

Falst. This *Danie* serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads come heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: Some wine, *Danie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all:

For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:

'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;

And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who If I haue bene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Danie*.

Dan. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
into the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cavilleroes about London.

Dan. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Danie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not?

M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred,

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.
Dan. If it please your Worshipp, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir Iohn*, 'saue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?

Let King *Cowthe* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dyc.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth,

When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and figge-me; like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What

Pist. As na

The things I

Fal. Away

Master Robert

In the Land,

With Digniti

Bard. O

I would not

Pist. Wha

Fal. Carrie

Lord Shallow,

Get on thy Bo

Away *Bardolfe*

withall deuse

boote Master

mea. Let vs ta

land are at my

haue bene my

Justice.

Pist. Let V

Where is the

Why heere it

Enter

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that I might

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tell thee what

Childe I now

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Bring me to a

Hof. Yes

Dol. Goe

Hof. The

Dol. Com

Come you R

Off. Very

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